From Two to Three

by sheepsleep

Summary

Yuuri and Viktor experience different things throughout Yuuri’s pregnancy.

Following the prompts from the knockyuuriupweek event on tumblr, combining the SFW and NSFW prompts a bit.

Notes

Omega verse, but not overly so? It's a device used for pregnancy and I have lots of HC on Omega Verse society, but its not heavy for the plot.

Situations in this inspired by a couple different fics, but enough to be noted at the top. Really good fics, though, and definitely worth reading.

Gentleman 'verse by Bunnywest (Teen Wolf, Peter/Stiles)
Soon We'll Be Found by lilithsins

WARNING: mentions of people trying to get pregnant by athletes by sabotage. Worth mentioning I think.
Impregnation and Announcement

They had taken every possible precaution for Yuuri’s heat. Took the proper hormone medication (boy did Yuuri enjoy his birth control, sex was better without condoms, even more so with a rather nicely endowed Alpha who he trusted and loved) for both omegas and alphas (they did not need Viktor falling into a rut during Yuuri’s heat, once was more than enough).

And then Yurio, dear sweet Yurio, gave them condoms (advertised with a natural spermicide, a rather new product) a female skater at the rink gave him (the blonde refused to look Yuuri in the eye when the omega questioned the Russian alpha about why he was receiving condoms). Yurio said he tried the same kind before, but did not like them (again refusing to say who he had been with. Yuuri would get that answer eventually. Maybe. One day? Yurio invoked weird feelings in him, the need to mother and smother the blonde alpha with love and affection. It got worse before and after his heats). Viktor just teased the two of them, with his heart shaped smile attached and ran off being chased by the rather embarrassed Ice Tiger of Russia.

As it turned out, the prescription for Yuuri’s birth control was faulty (“It happens sometimes,” the doctor explained when Yuuri showed up in tears, speaking in Russian to Viktor. “You are not the only couple that ended up pregnant, and I will have my nurse give you paperwork to pass your lawyer if you want to join the suit against the pharmaceutical company.”).

And the condoms Yurio had been given had been pricked with a needle. (They found that out when Viktor sent them to someone he knew after hearing several rumors circulating the rink about omegas and betas sabotaging condoms in order to get pregnant by athletes for the potential pay out. Yuuri didn’t know if Yurio gave Viktor the name of the skater who gave him the condoms, but he knew the two didn’t speak for a few weeks after their relationship had been tense. And Viktor had told Yuuri he couldn’t go and mother Yurio for a while. “Let him come back to us,” Viktor said. “His Grandfather and Yakov both agreed with me on this decision, and well...Yurio may be an adult now, but he is still being told what to do and it chafes him. He will come back to us, just give him time.”

Well, with a pregnant Yuuri, who only recently understood why he was nesting so crazily and why he wanted to groom and clean and feed – Yurio was eating so much having finally reached his growth spurt and starting to fill out and up – him, it just made his moods worse. He wanted to mother someone he (for some reason, Yurio was eight years younger than him! He was not old enough to be the Russian’s mother) saw as a son.

Yurio did come back to them within a week and tension was high for a few days before things went back to normal. Yuuri was also very happy about becoming an uncle.).

Essentially, fate or luck or the universe was against them and Yuuri was pregnant no matter their precautions. At least Viktor didn’t fall into a rut when Yuuri had his heat (though his rut they planned carefully for and then never happened should have been a clue that Yuuri was already pregnant (and thus no need to breed his omega full of potential pups), but with worlds on the horizon and Viktor coaching Yuuri, Yurio and a co-coaching both a junior female and junior pair skaters, the missed rut was honestly the last thing on their mind. They were grateful they could focus more on practicing and critique, especially the juniors).

“I know,” Viktor started with a deep breath hands fisted on his thighs, “it’s your choice and I respect your decision.”

Yuuri loved this man, he looked so sad, not able to look Yuuri in the eyes as they discussed their options. “Oh, Vicchan,” Yuuri responded, reaching out to grasp his husband’s hand. They got
married with only three gold medals from Worlds, just this past summer. The wedding was simple and sweet and they had danced the night away. “And this is our choice together. I, I want this baby. Is that wrong of me?”

Yuuri paused, “I want...I want a mini-us, someone who is our love into being and watch them grow, no matter how they turn out. I want to keep skating, or being involved with skating or dancing and I can. I can do that after giving birth, even if I decide ultimately not to return to skating. If that is a decision you can agree to?”

Skating was a chasm between them, a force driving them closer and also driving them apart. Things had gotten better after Viktor officially retired to focus on coaching and learning from Yakov and other senior coaches at the rink. Yuuri loved watching Viktor work hard to coach him and the other skaters.

Viktor had learned to love skating again, in a different way and Yuuri was proud to be with him as they took this journey together.

Viktor had not said anything in response, just gently cupped Yuuri’s face in his free hand and turned his head so they could kiss. “Thank you. I look forward to building a family with you, and all the surprises along the way.”

Making the official announcement was difficult. They had told their family back in Japan – sworn them to secrecy. Minako was crying and demanding to teach them ballet “Not that Madame Baranovskaya is not good,” she said, “but this is Yuuri’s baby and thus mine to teach to dance!”

“What if they don't want to dance?” Yuuri responded.

“They learn if they do or don't when I teach them,” Minako responded, with a wave of her hand ending the discussion.)

And their friends (Phichit screamed so loudly over Skype, his neighbors complained through the walls). Chris and his now fiancé was just as elated, only with less screaming.

Yurio was happy to be an Uncle (“Uncle Yuri,” Yurio stressed, “Your child will not be calling me by any other name.”)

Yakov groaned, and announced he was glad to be retiring soon as he did not ever want to coach any child of Viktor’s. “Having to deal with one of you is enough, but I am happy for you both.”

Their “Official Announcement” was a copied and pasted status across all their social media after getting advice from Viktor's publicist, with a picture of their most-current ultrasound.

Responses from their fans were mixed, but the majority was happy for them and looked forward to any and all updates on their “Vikturi” baby. (Though there was massive concern over Yuuri having performed at Worlds pregnant, but those were quelled by post responses of omega's doing amazing things while pregnant, and not knowing Yuuri was pregnant until a month after the competition. Resulting in new information about birth control fails and safe sex, but that discussion is for a different story.)

*****

Not to say they didn't use some of the condoms. Yuuri enjoyed them, mostly because when he was in heat he loved the taste of cum. He got Viktor to wear them and cum and he would take the filled condom and swallow the semen inside. It helped that his husband got off on it, too.
Yuuri's cravings were different, the doctor told them it was fine and...normal, to a degree for an omega to crave their alpha and have a libido on hyper-drive when pregnant. They were advised to be careful and not to stress either of themselves out.

This had nothing to do with stressing over work and saving money for their family’s future (a worry on Yuuri’s mind now and again).

This has to do with Yuuri's hunger. For Viktor's cock.

Yuuri seriously wished he was joking, but there were days when he wished Viktor had a desk job so he could sit on a pillow underneath and just hold Viktor's dick in his mouth for a couple of hours.

Alas, Viktor was at the rink all day getting sweaty and Yuuri was off doing his own things while he still could. One of them looking forward to their next day off together so he could indulge in a rather nice fantasy.

Unfortunately, that wasn't going to happen for a while. And so Yuuri had to settle for something else, another fun idea.

Which was why he was made katsudon and extra sauce the other day.

“The extra sauce is very important,” he told Viktor when questioned, “We're going to use it to have some fun tomorrow night.”

They had agreed to trying out one of Yuuri's smaller ideas, to satisfy a craving he had without going overboard.

And so Yuuri prepared after getting home from taking Makkachin on a well-deserved walk. He took a spare sheet and several towels and laid them over the tall back accent chair, making sure the cushions were protected the best he could. They called it their BJ chair as, when kneeling, Viktor and Yuuri's mouth met at the perfect height without straining Yuuri's body too much.

“Yuuri, I'm home!” Viktor announced with the telltale click of the front door and then his happy cooing sounds of talking to Makkachin.

“I'm glad, now we can play,” Yuuri responded gathering the reheated katsudon sauce he left on the kitchen counter. He looked forward to having Viktor's cock in his mouth, covered in sauce.

***

It was much later that evening, the sheet and towels tossed into the laundry and the three occupants of the apartment fed that Viktor could relax. To a degree. His beloved Yuuri was normally so shy about sex, until they got into it. Only his libido went into hyper-drive when pregnant (a good thing to remember for any future pregnancies) and Yuuri's stamina was much better than his own.
But he loved his husband, and he loved their little baby, and he would do his damn best to satisfy Yuuri during his time of need.

Viktor ran his fingers through Yuuri's hair, enjoying the soft feel of it as they and Makkachin curled up together on the couch watching some sort of drama on TV. In front of them was what really disturbed him, the remnants of a mixture of sauerkraut and peanut butter dip on pickle flavored crackers.

Chapter End Notes

I was gonna write it, and then I failed. I so very failed at writing the sex, but I like the idea of Yuuri having both a libido, but craving Viktor (as isn't that what he desires when skating? For Viktor to look at him only? It makes sense, to me at least).
Chapter Notes

My HC is that Omegas (male or female) in majority of countries normally wear dresses. With times changing, however, its more accepted to wear other things.

Yuuri looked at himself in the mirror, just unsure about what he was wearing. Was it supposed to look good? Was his baby bump supposed to look so small?

“Maybe a size bigger?” He suggested to Viktor and Anzehelik, the salesperson attending them (a pleasant omega, who helped them shop for Yuuri in the past at the high-end boutique store Viktor preferred).

“It’s perfect, Yuuri,” Anzehelik said with a grin. “The ruching has the perfect folds across your middle and back so there is no need to go a size bigger at this stage of your pregnancy. This size has plenty of room for you to grow into.” She paused and then continued, “If you want, there is a lace capulet that would look wonderful with this dress – it will help cover your shoulders if that is your concern.” Anzehelik gestured with her hands while browsing through a rack of capulets, jackets and wraps before finding the one she was looking for.

The female omega helped Yuuri settle it about his shoulders, and instantly Yuuri felt better. Viktor thought he looked gorgeous and told Yuuri so. Yuuri laughed, “Your opinion is biased, it shouldn’t count!”

His husband grinned, “I think the same applies to you.”

The dress was dark navy with ruching-like folds along the front and back of the dress across his stomach and back, only to fluff out just under his visible bump with the bottom flowing down to his ankles (it swirled nicely around when he spun) in many different ruffled layers. It would need to be hemmed to go with nice black flats with a small heel as it was much to long. The sweat heart neckline just hidden under the capulet.

Well, it felt made him feel better, in any case. And much better prepared for the charity fundraiser they would be attending in a few weeks time. He hated the social interaction, but the charity was for a good cause and he did enjoy charity work.

“Do you have jewelry to go with the dress?” Yuuri startled for a second, reaching out to touch the mirror to balance himself. He forgot for a moment where he was.

“Yes. Something gold,” Viktor responded with a grin. Yuuri internally groaned, but it must have shown on his face in the mirror as his husband laughed. “Yuuri, you look nice in silver, but best in gold.”

Anzehelik just giggled, “I am sure he will look beautiful in whatever it is you are putting him in. Now, slip into your shoes here and I’ll get the seamstress to come and hem the dress.”

She stepped away from the mirrors as Viktor gathered the shoes, kneeling before the pedestal where Yuuri stood.
“You never let me put my own shoes on,” Yuuri teased as Viktor took out one shoe.

“Of course not, my love,” Viktor teased as he slipped the shoe on Yuuri’s foot before getting out the second. “I love your feet, after all! And I believe in a few more months I will be putting on all your shoes unless you can simply slip into them.”

Yuuri merely hummed in response, using Viktor’s shoulder best he could for balance as he settled into the shoes, moving his toes to make sure they had plenty of room without being too loose. “These shoes will work wonderfully, thank you.”

“It is always my pleasure,” Viktor responded, leaning to the hand Yuuri placed upon his cheek.

“Such love, but please don't release so much hormones in the store,” Anzehelik scolded, the seamstress failing to hide her giggles behind a hand. The attended just looked exasperated.

Yuuri blushed, but Viktor just gave them a huge grin as he stood up. The seamstress worked fast and soon enough they left the shop with an appointment to visit in a week and a half to try the dress on again for the final fitting.

“You know,” Yuuri started, reaching out to grasp his alpha's hand into his own. “I didn't expect this when you told me you wanted to go shopping for maternity clothes.”

“Oh, we are definitely going shopping for normal clothing,” Viktor responded with a swing of their arms. “I just figured we should start with something that would make you feel sexy. Did you feel sexy?”

Yuuri blushed before answering “yes.” Viktor's grin grew, Yuuri didn't even need to see it to know that.

“I'm glad. Now, I found a great maternity clothing store for all genders that has awesome reviews. It's just down this way!” And with that Viktor and Yuuri continued a rather long day of shopping for maternity clothing – all of it both soft and item he will be able to grow into.

***

The charity fundraiser was a hit, and Yuuri found it easy to socialize and talk with other participants and potential sponsors with Viktor by his side. He did feel sexy in his dress, it fit like a glove and showed off his baby bump perfectly. (Their baby even behaved during the party, only kicking him a few times, though thankfully not in the bladder. The dress was not easy to get into and he did not want to cause any scene by making Viktor go with him to the bathroom in a hurry to help unzip him.) It helped that Yuuri seemed to glow this evening, all smiles from his face to his eyes.

Once back home he had stripped for his husband, showing off the lingerie he wore underneath, a sexy sheer panty with a heart cut out in the back with matching stockings and garter belt that Viktor liked seeing him in.

Maternity clothes shopping was fun, most likely because Viktor had taken him shopping and made the experience enjoyable.

In Russia, and Japan, there was conservative views of male omegas and then modern views. Male omegas like Yuuri could now legally wear male clothing, but when pregnant it was socially more acceptable to wear female clothing. He had worn dresses in the past, especially at ISU banquets and other formal events. Everyday clothing was different, but they had found items that were soft and comfortable and not overly feminine in design.

It was fun, and he loved all the clothes they bought together. And he trusted Viktor making sure he
looked good.

Except he didn't remember this ensemble, and he honestly had no idea why he put it on and was looking himself over in the mirror. His breasts were just starting to get tender and fill out just a bit (buying the smallest cup size bra during their shopping trip had been different as Yuuri never needed one before), and they fitted nicely in the strapless bra, the red bow in the middle very cute. The panties and skirt, with cute ruffles fit nicely across his waist and held his cock nicely in place. His baby bump fit just above it, and looked really good, especially with the red suspenders framing his baby belly in nicely. A cute nurses hat finished the look.

Yuuri turned around, bending forward and turning his head so he could check out his ass in the mirror. He did look sexy, in a hot way. Everyone was always telling him he looked good being pregnant, and though he was still having trouble believing them

“Oh, Nurse Yuuri, is it time for my check up already?” Viktor purred and Yuuri only paused for a second before cocking out his hip and giving his husband a rather seductive smile.

“Why, Mr. Nikiforov, perfect timing as it is. I forgot to remind you yesterday on the phone.” Yuuri approached and very gently pushed Viktor in the direction of the bed. “Why don't you strip down and then I'll give you a rather detailed examination.”
Yuuri had always liked babies and kids, it was a natural biological response ingrained into his omega DNA. It was really annoying most of the time, but babies. Babies were cute and adorable, toddlers were fun, and kids were full of enthusiasm and interested in anything.

And then they went home with their parents and Yuuri could recharge his own energy. Kids wore him out and he didn’t know what to expect when it came to his own child. A mixture of Viktor’s desire to see and experience anything combined with his own stamina?

Yuuri felt drained thinking about.

Not that he didn’t feel drained already. Six months pregnant and he felt as big as a house. Viktor and even Yurio denied this, saying Yuuri looked fine. He believed them, but only because it would make them feel better if he did. Doesn’t mean he doesn’t feel that big, nonetheless.

One thing he really liked about babies and toddlers though were all the crocheted and knitted items that people would make. There was just something about soft yarn being made into blankets, clothes and toys that tugged at his heartstrings and made him swoon.

He learned early on how to crochet, it helped keep his hands busy and the repetitive motions sometimes made it hard to think about anything just keeping track of the correct number of stitches and what he had to do next.

Of course, there were times when he simply rage quit a project, but he would eventually finish it. He crocheted items for friends and hospitals and, while in Detroit, for homeless shelters. (He even attempted a sweater for penguins, but he would deny it to the day he died.) Same for Saint Petersburg. Yuuri enjoyed the activity, and kept it mostly on the down-low from his friends (except for Phichit who knew everything about him, and Viktor who would coo over each item which made Yuuri preen).

Now that he himself was pregnant, Viktor indulged him by buying loads of soft natural yarn. From cottons to alpaca and llama (wool was just too itchy). “Only the best,” Viktor explained with a grin. “This is an expense that even you can’t argue with.” And Yuuri would never, this yarn would make such nice clothing and blankets and toys…

Yuuri wouldn’t admit to it, but he drooled when Viktor opened the first box of yarn (of five in total). The colors of the soft yarn coming in the colors they decided for their nursery theme.

When they found out about the pregnancy, they made the decision to keep the gender of their baby a surprise. Their theme was a gender-neutral mint, yellow and gray color with the nursery decorated like a night sky (beautiful gray walls with a white moon and stars of white and yellow). Viktor had been pushing for gold, but (after much discussion and Pinterest browsing) they settled on a mixture of things.

And so Yuuri got started. He made hats of various sizes and booties with ribbons for ties. Little coats and the most adorable sleeper suit. Small amigurumi toys with yarn eyes and noses. Two small blankets perfect for wrapping up their baby in.

By the time he was almost seven months (and he had been crocheting for several months now) there
were diaper covers and a nursing pillow. And more things than what his baby could really use, but all the cute patterns!

Yuuri figured that Viktor should be glad he is 1) putting the yarn to good use (he has only just started to run out. But he likes it and may make more things to give away later on) and 2) the crocheting actually means he no longer wants to devour his husband (and Viktor has perked in energy recently as they are no longer having sex several times a day).

They were all winning.

Viktor just sighed and snuggled closer to his pregnant husband, resting his head on the remains of Yuuri’s lap at an awkward angle for his neck. Yuuri ran his fingers through his husband’s hair without responding.

Maybe he did want more sex? Maybe he didn’t?

The cravings had been driving Yuuri nuts, honestly, with how much he desired Viktor. And he still did, no doubt about that.

And then both of them jumped and looked rather incredulously at Yuuri’s baby bump.

“Did our baby just kick me?”

“I think so,” Yuuri replied with a laugh. “I wish I had gotten that on camera!”

Viktor sat up and placed his hands on Yuuri’s belly, soft smile on our face. “Baby, you shouldn’t kick your papa off! It’s rude.”

“But it was so cute.”

Viktor just pouted, but leaned back over resting his head on Yuuri’s shoulder.

“Feeling the baby move is just…”

“Amazing?” Yuuri finished for him.

Viktor had lit up like a firework in the sky in joy when he first felt their child move. And again when they both saw a foot pressing against Yuuri’s skin as their baby stretched out.

“I am amazed that we can experience this together,” Yuuri whispered. “There are days when I fear I will wake up and everything has all been a dream.”

“I thought we were working on that.”

“Yes, we are, it’s just…” Yuuri paused, looking for the words. “I am so happy, that there are times when I think: do I deserve to be this happy? And I tell myself that I do. That I am happy. And then I am asked: why? And well…that is harder to answer. I get stuck on it sometimes.

“I just remind myself that I love my friends and family, my husband and my baby. I love our family. And I know my family and friends love me in return, despite my faults. Sometimes they love me for my faults.” Yuuri paused to cover Viktor’s hands on his stomach. “And I remind myself that I love you and you love me. And we are building a family based on that.

“I love you, Vitenka.”

Viktor grinned and they kissed.
The next week Yuuri gave Viktor a baby pink-and-blue striped beanie complete with a mixed color pom-pom on top. Around the folded edge was a row of gold hearts crocheted in. Yuuri had a matching one, along with a small third for when their baby was born.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to do a baby shower scene at the end, but I like how this turned out instead. Though it occurred to me later that nesting would've been cute too. Well, I consider the crocheted items to be a way to nest – Yuuri is filling the nursery with items that will be personal and full of a “family scent.”

I also think they--especially Viktor, would just be crazy over feeling the baby move whenever, wherever, and no matter who is watching. Baby talk, touching, smiling. He gives me that impression. (Yuuri would be tired of getting kicked and punched as the baby moves, but seeing the expression in Viktor's eyes? All over it.) Yeah.

Thank you for the kudos and commenting! I love it all.
“Oh my god,” Yuuri groaned out in Japanese leaning back as those wondrous hands massaged at his feet. Those fingers hit all the good spots on his sore and aching feet. “That spot right there,” he hissed moving about in the chair as the fingers pressed harder.

“You don’t even make those sounds when we're having sex,” Viktor said with a pout, though Yuuri only caught a little bit of it through the pleasured haze currently clouding his mind.

“Sorry, it just feels so good.” Yuuri moved his foot from his husband's grasp and flexed his toes. From his angle he could just barely see his toes from behind the baby bump. “Sides, you're always happy when I react to you touching my feet. Don't think I forget what you really enjoy.” He made sure to flex his toes again, right in Viktor's line of sight.

Viktor blushed, but gently took the foot back into his hold. “Now make sure to stay still while I paint your nails. Your feet will look gorgeous with the color I chose.”

“I am sure I will,” Yuuri responded with a gentle smile. “Will it match this lovely number you made me wear?”

Yuuri had been encouraged to wear to wear a flowing sheer mesh teddy in red that opened around his belly, just under the golden trim that run just under his (thankfully still small) breasts. It made him feel sexy, even more so after the sponge bath he had been given (Viktor caressing his body and then fingerling him while in the bath, focusing fast and hard on his sweet spot with one hand and the other helping to balance him as he sat on a sturdy stool in their walk-in shower).

Followed by a rub dry and then Viktor covered him in a shea butter lotion that made his skin feel so soft and warm. The alpha had cooed and talked to their baby while rubbing the lotion into his stomach and thighs (their baby moving around in response to the touches, as if trying to follow Viktor’s hands).

After the lotion Viktor had painted his fingernails in a clear polish after filing them carefully into rounded shapes before moving onto Yuuri’s feet.

“Of course it will, lovely,” Viktor responded with a grin before getting to work. “Now you just get lost in the movie, though I am afraid you missed a good chunk of it.”

Yuuri hummed in response and focused (as requested) on the movie, his hands every now and then touching the teddy he was dressed in and rubbing the material between his fingers. To his side was pickle flavored chips and a dip of sauerkraut and peanut butter, along with a large glass of water. Today Viktor was pampering him. “I haven't been able to treat you to something nice in a while. Admittedly, the lingerie is for me – I love seeing you in my colors – but you've been blah for a while, don't think I haven’t noticed.”

Yuuri did love Viktor's foot rubs, loved being touched by his alpha and subtly scented as Viktor did so.

Viktor finished up soon enough, the nails drying on his last foot, but Yuuri pushed at him with the dried one.

“You've been taking such good care of me, Vitenka. Would you like a reward?” Yuuri made sure to touch him gently along the neck with the finished foot, enjoying the gulp down the alpha's throat and
those wide eyes. “Unzip for me, please?”

Viktor wasted no time, getting onto his knees and unzipping his pants to pull out his already hard cock.

“Vitenka, did you get hard just from touching my feet? You should have told me you needed release sooner.”

“Today is about you, though,” Viktor explained with a shrug.

“And what I want is for you to also be happy. And making you happy makes me happy. A full circle if you will.” Yuuri told him, making sure to touch that cock he loved with his foot, pushing against the hard length, doing his best to grasp the head between the curl of his toes.

It was warm, and sticky as Viktor starting to leak pre-cum. It was warm, though, and Yuuri could smell it in the air as he pressed harder against it.

Using one foot wasn't as easy as two, but Viktor was pressing back into him, breathing harder as Yuuri rubbed and, with glossy eyes, looked like he was really enjoying himself.

“Are you enjoying yourself, Vitenka? You're pressing so hard into my foot – is that a knot I see forming?” Yuuri teased. “Go on ahead, take my leg and press my foot harder into you. Take your reward for pampering me today.”

His alpha didn't need another word of encouragement, grasping Yuuri's calf between his hands and pressing his foot harder against his cock. Yuuri hissed, those hands felt so nice and tight in their secure hold around him.

It didn't take long for Viktor to come, his semen covering Yuuri's toes. Both were breathing hard (Yuuri felt so pleased at seeing his Alpha come, that he was able to please the father of his unborn child), and Yuuri couldn't hold back his smile.

“You good?” Yuuri asked, continuing once Viktor nodded. “Good, now help me up, your child is punching my bladder and I need to pee.”

Viktor laughed, but shoved his cock back in his pants and the alpha helped his omega stand.

***

Yuuri knew everyone was worried about his body image, and there were days when he felt incredibly fat and horrid, only, their baby would move about and kick Yuuri something awful and he would remember the most important detail.

Yes, he was gaining weight, but it was all needed in a way. It was their baby getting bigger and needing more room to stretch out.

This was weight he loved.

And Viktor, rather lovingly, worshipped all of him.
Lactation Kink

Chapter Notes

Words between the "「...」" signs are spoken in Japanese instead of English/Russian/whatever language you think Viktor and Yuuri are speaking in.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

So far, Yuuri had experienced no real pitfalls to being pregnant despite the (near) constant need to pee and the horrible cravings (according to Viktor who asked, “Can we please stop having so much oral sex? I love it, I do, it's just tiring me out.”

“That was hard for you to say, wasn't it?”

“Yes. I know you, and I love you, but oral sex is starting to bore me.”

Yuuri grinned at Viktor's sorrowful eyes (it was very hard for the alpha to deny his omega sex. A lot of alphas (Viktor included) took pride in pleasing their omegas when it came to sexual pleasure and desires). “Thank you for telling me. I'm sure I will make due with more sauerkraut and peanut butter.”

And that was so worth the look of disgust Viktor tried to hide. The omega didn't bother to disguise his laughter.)

Even his morning sickness was pretty mild, though everyone said he looked like shit (Viktor made sure his hair was done and makeup covering the dark rings around his eyes especially as of late when the baby just wouldn't let him sleep) (though he did know they cared), it was going really really well.

And he was adjusting to the changes his body was going through with an enthusiasm and joy that normally only worked for Viktor. His nesting was going well, the nursery was adorable with the co-sleeper was already installed next to their bed on Yuuri's side. And the baby shower.

Oh my god the shower that resulted in tears and snot and he wanted to forget his reaction to all his friends and family surrounding him with gifts and love and it was wonderful. And awful. There was a lot of snot and Yuriio had the instagram and twitter photos as proof. So did Phichit but he posted his versions after the shower.

He loved nesting with Viktor. And cleaning with Viktor. And snuggling in the rocking chair kinda-sorta uncomfortably, but it helped get their scent fixed into the room (not that their baby would be sleeping in there any time soon). The omega part of him relaxed completely with Viktor, soaking in Viktor's alpha pheromones and enjoying all the praise he was being blessed with.

And then the baby would do really cute things like move around (first feeling so strange, like little butterflies moving about) and then the hiccups and the kicks (except when it was to his bladder or some other organ being bruised). When Viktor could finally feel the baby move, Yuuri didn't know if he could be any happier – how was all this possible?

How did he ever get so lucky?

Except today.
Today he woke up soaking wet.

And not from slick (though there was a little, he had a woken briefly from a really good dream sometime last night and he could feel Viktor's morning wood rubbing against his ass and his body responded to Viktor even when asleep (and not just because of their alpha-omega relationship). Yuuri woke up soaking wet at his chest. His night shirt was sticking to him, and he was sticking to the top sheet of the bed.

Yuuri wasn’t aware that he started to whine (a rather distressed sound that woke Viktor quickly), nor of the tears until his mother's voice was speaking to him in calming Japanese. His alpha was releasing pheromones that soothed Yuuri a little, gentle fingers running through his hair.

「Yuuri-kun,」 his mother started, 「I need you to calm down. Good, breathe with me. Now, do you think you can tell me what's wrong? Vicchan made no sense.」

「Mama, I woke up and I am sticking to my clothes – I was sticking to the sheet,」 Yuuri was able to sob out. 「My ch-chest hurts.」

It took a while, but (despite Yuuri's initial feelings after waking that morning) it was not the end of the world. He was fine, just leaking colostrum like crazy. “A natural thing,” Hiroko told them in her best English so they could both understand. “Your body is getting ready to feed the baby, and will continue to make this until few days after birth and then milk will come.”

Her advice was simple, Yuuri would need to buy an absorbent padding that would at least save his tops from wet spots.

While Viktor had set out to get said supplies, Yuuri settled onto the couch with a jug of tea and snacks and covered in blankets with Makkachin by his side. His alpha had helped undress the distressed omega, gently wiping down Yuuri's tender breasts before slipping the alpha's own night shirt over Yuuri's body. (Viktor had even put the sheets and shirt into the washer before leaving, saying they would make the bed together later.)

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Yuuri asked from his mound of blankets, unsure about the way Viktor was watching him. Yurio often said he had a “stupid look” across his face whenever the alpha stared at Yuuri, and this was definitely it. (He never did find it stupid, it was rather sweet and loving. It made Yuuri feel loved, and treasured and he hoped his own look in response conveyed the same feelings back.) Yuuri was seeing it more often now, after he got pregnant.

“Can't I look at my beautiful husband?”

Yuuri looked and felt like shut, but just rolled his eyes and decided not to respond.

“Alright, alright. I am going to go and check on the laundry.”

“Hm-k,” Yuuri responded, turning back to the TV. “Call me when you want help making the bed.”

Viktor didn't respond and Yuuri got lost in the television show. (Russian dramas were depressing, but incredibly addicting. Yuuri, sometimes, missed watching General Hospital in Detroit. Only sometimes.)

He didn't even notice Viktor not returning (or asking him to help make the bed) until after the show was over, a good thirty minutes later.

Shedding his blankets, and gathering the empty dishes he went to the kitchen and the adjoining laundry room.
Where he found his alpha, a blissful look on his pretty face as he sucked at the dried colostrum on Yuuri’s nightshirt. And then Viktor came back to reality, those blue eyes widening in surprise, but he just seemed to just suck harder.

And Yuuri felt a tingle – no, it was no tingle, a straight up shot of pleasure and need that went through him like a lighting bolt.

The next half hour was a haze of pleasure and groans as Yuuri took that cock deep into his body, riding his alpha against the laundry room floor.

Viktor was the one hiding in the blankets on the couch after, drinking a Russian styled tea, complete with the right amount of jam (that still made Yuuri shudder, but he made it just as he knew Viktor enjoyed).

“I would never...kink shame you,” Yuuri assured him, gently rubbing his husband's back through the blankets. “Can you tell me about this, though? I would like to know.”

“It just smells so good,” Viktor whispered out. “And I wanted, I wanted to taste it. I wanted to consume it. Something special from you that is going to our baby and it's just being wasted. I wanted it. So I took it.”

Viktor paused. “I think I am jealous too, of the baby, getting to nurse from you.” He looked at from Yuuri’s eyes to the omega’s leaking nipples. They could both smell the colostrum as the liquid came out, Viktor breathing it in deep before leaning down and licking.

Yuuri gasped, fingers clutching at his husband’s shoulders. It felt weird, but good.

Viktor took the silence as a “yes” and started licking more, switching to the other nipple when one stopped flowing.

It felt good, as if he was being worshiped by his most devoted subject. It made Yuuri feel powerful. Desirable.

He wasn't aware he was purring until he felt Viktor breath a laugh against his tender nipple, the alpha rubbing his face against Yuuri's neck as the omega ran his fingers through soft silver strands.

It was the next day when Yuuri confirmed with his doctor if Viktor licking on his nipples was okay. The Doctor confirmed that it was alright. “Colostrum will replenish itself until a few days after the birth when your milk will start producing,” the doctor explained. “As long as you are careful – there is a possible chance of nipple stimulation resulting in labor – you two can continue on as normal.”

So the two continued on as normal, Viktor enjoying the colostrum from the source and sucking it from the reusable organic pads before they were washed. They continued on as normal, with this new kink added into their routine, and figured once the baby was born they would take things one step at a time in terms of Viktor consuming milk.

Viktor only grinned when Yuuri told him, “The baby's needs must be met first, but if I happen to produce too much and there is extra, you are welcome to enjoy it.”

Chapter End Notes
Well, sources from this:

Breast Milk Question & Spouses - The Pregnant Community
When Does Your Body Start Producing Breast Milk? | Breastfeeding | Babies Online
The stages of lactation
Leaking breasts in pregnancy - Pregnancy and baby guide - NHS Choices

This was also somehow the hardest to write and yet it got easier after some research and ended up being my favorite day.
Yuuri was tired of being pregnant, he was breaking out into rashes at this late stage, he was constantly sweating (though that was, sadly, an upside considering how cold it was in Saint Petersburg as the hot flashes were actually beneficial in beating the cold). Still, he was tired of being pregnant.

He loved his baby, he loved his husband, he loved his family and friends but he needed space. He needed time to himself before his life became focused around his yet-to-be-born-three-weeks-after-the-due-date baby.

So Yuuri took the car and went to a park. Any park really, he honestly didn't care. Nor did he care for the cold. It wasn't snowing and the streets had been cleared recently. His phone was charged and there wasn't much else he could do short of taking a drug to induce labor at the hospital.

They had tried pineapple (so much pineapple!) and sex (which was fucking good, and he was going to miss it during the weeks spent recovering from giving birth naturally).

Yuuri sighed and relaxed back onto the bench, watching out over several children dressed in thick coats, boots and matching gloves and hats playing around in the snow. He could easily imagine their own child frolicking out in the snow throwing snowballs and sledding down little hills of snow. He could also see them ice skating, or playing soccer (their child could kick) or dancing.

In fact, Yuuri shifted on the bench. It was harder to sit still than normal, and like he had a cramp.

It was also, cold, his hot flashes were failing him (finally? Maybe? They had their uses), though it felt nice against his face versus the heat of their apartment and the amount of people they were housing (well, his mother and Yurio. Hiroko had been adamant about being there for the birth of her first grand child and neither he nor Viktor had been able to tell her “no.” Not that they tried).

He shifted once more on the bench, there was a cramp coming on or something in his lower back. Yuuri sighed before standing up to go back to the car, when it occurred to him, was he having contractions?

Their Doctor told them that sometimes birth is simple and quick. Labor isn't long nor considerably painful. And the cramps had been happening for a while...

Oh god! He was in labor. Hopefully.

Digging his phone from his pocket he called his doctor, for advice. It could just be cramps, but after a quick consult he was advised to head to the hospital agreed upon; the staff there would help advice and the doctor would be on his way.

Ending the call, Yuuri took in a deep breath before calling Viktor.

“Yuuri!” Viktor whined when he answered the phone, “You left me behind!”

“Sorry, Vitenka,” Yuuri responded with a smile, “but they are your family too.”

“That is very true,” Viktor responded and Yuuri could feel the warmth in those words. Family was
important to Viktor and he told Yuuri once how surprised he was over being so easily accepted into
the Katsuki fold. “Now, where are you?”

“I’m at the park,” Yuuri started, “but I will meet you at the hospital.”

“Hosp – what?”

“I’m in labor, I think, and it’s not bad. I’m going to go to the hospital – I, something inside me says
our baby is coming. Meet me at the hospital.”

“O-okay. I can do that. Yes, I can. I’ll order an Uber right now. Wait, you’re driving?” Viktor
sounded so panicked and Yuuri felt bad (momentarily) for finding it cute.

“Yes. I have the car and I’m not leaving it here. Just meet me there. Trust me to do that, please.”
Yuuri paused. “I know, Viktor, that we will meet our Shura today. I look forward to it!”

“I do too,” Viktor responded, sounding a little less hurried now. “I look forward to meeting them too.
We will see you there.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Yuuri ended the call and entered the car, taking a deep breath before buckling in and setting off He
was rather thankful there had been a lack of snow storms recently and the streets were clear with
smooth traffic, making the drive to the hospital easy.

The hospital wasn’t crowded, and they admitted him easily enough (taking note that his husband and
family were on their way). He was placed into a room and he dressed into their gown and was told
the doctor would be with him soon as the nurse took his blood pressure and other information.

He told them as he settled back into the bed that, “My baby is on their way. Pretty certain on that.”

The nurse only smiled (indulgent in a way that really ticked Yuuri off) and said the doctor would be
able to deduce that once they checked how dilated Yuuri was.

The omega withheld the urge to glare at the female (beta, he was pretty certain, but nurses and
doctors were required to wear patches that helped block and mask their pheromones as to not affect
their patients). And waited for Viktor and his family – and eventually the doctor – to arrive.

His family got there first, his alpha frazzled but his comforting scent was pleasant and helped easy
Yuuri’s discomfort. Even more so with the scent covered fleece blanket Viktor brought with him.

Though not even they believed him when he said the baby was coming (though his mom was both
horrified and proud that he managed to drive himself to the hospital on his own).

They were encouraging him to walk, he wanted to lay down and finally demanded that they let him
do so (his family relented) and he sat back with his legs spread (all those classes, he was prepared for
what he knew was coming). And his family chatted and Viktor held his hand and Yuuri squeezed it
tight and the doctor came in and Yuuri...he didn't know quite what happened next clearly?

The baby came out, placenta and all. The nurse with the doctor froze, so did the doctor and Mari
(with a laugh each time she recalled the story) would say, “And you yelled at that nurse saying ‘I told
you my baby was coming, bitch.’ with this straight face. It was hilarious.”
Yuuri couldn't even remember her laughing, but he remembered yelling that they needed to help his baby the fuck out cause Shura was still in the placenta.

Shura was healthy and clean when the nurse placed him in Yuuri's arms, a small boy with soft blonde fuzz on his head, and wide eyes.

That was Yuuri's best memory, of Viktor, their baby Shura and him curled up on the bed, the scented blanket laying over them as Yuuri feed Shura for the first time. This memory was also helped by the picture Mari had taken using Viktor's phone. The first real image Shura to hit the internet was this a small baby in their arms as they wore their matching hats.

Over the years they would have two more children, and their births were not as easy as Shura (even more so as Kay was birthed in a traffic jam, Shura was happy when that became the favorite birthing story over his own).

Yuuri wouldn't change anything from that pregnancy, however, even though Viktor would gladly have had the sauerkraut and peanut butter dip changed for anything else. (“I'm serious Yuuri, I am glad you only wanted that with Shura. It was disgusting.” Yuuri just laughed at him.)

The End.

Chapter End Notes

This birth was based on my step brother. My step-mom drove to the hospital, and gave birth placenta and all while the nurses did not believe she was going to give birth so quickly in the first place. I also have friends who know people who had really easy births. I wanted Yuuri to have at least one of those.

The pregnancy rashes, though, was based on my older sister who essentially became allergic to being pregnant and suffered through rashes and hives for a week or two. She so looked forward to her c-section date with her set of twins.

And on an ending note, “Shura” is a name in both Russian and Japanese according to my research. Kanji for said name is “珠葛” which roughly translates to “pearl/gem/jewel” and “beautiful.” Girl or boy I decided the name would have to be Viktor in some way, and “beautiful gem” just stood out to me. (Could also mean “lazy jewel” but hey, I like the other meaning). Kanji/Japanese name was found/searched for on jisho.org and the Russian name from babble (admittedly a nickname for Alexander, but Shura definitely is both in Japanese and Russian so I went with it!).

Thank you everyone who read and enjoyed this. Thank you for the kudos and comments (I'll respond soon I promise!). I hope you all enjoyed this as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!